

The Musical World.

THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES.—*Goethe*.

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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—LAST OPERA CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

Mozart's *Seraglio*, and a Miscellaneous Selection. The most attractive Concert of the series. In addition to the following long list of Artists, Mdlle. Irma de Murska, Madame Celestina Lavini, Mdlle. Sinico, and Mdlle. Enequist, Signor Bettini, Dr. Gunz, Signor Foll, Signor Bussi, Herr Rokitansky, Mr. Santley, and Signor Tascia. The full Chorus—so much applauded last Saturday—of Her Majesty's Theatre. Conductor, Mr. Manus.

Admission Five Shillings; Guinea Season Tickets free.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Although nearly TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND visitors have attended the Palace since the First of July, it is anticipated—not without reason—that the coming week, with its extraordinary attractions, will show even a much greater proportionate increase.

MONDAY.—Many important excursions will contribute their quota to swell the great numbers of the present year. Amusements of all kinds. Monday Excursions also by Great Northern and South-Eastern (North Kent).

TUESDAY.—The Great Gathering of the National Temperance League. More than 30,000 attended last year's meeting, but as on this occasion excursions to the Palace run from Cornwall and York, Lancashire, and the South Coast, and every part of England, and as the amusements comprise *everybody and everything*, there can be no doubt this will be a really great day. **ETHARDO; GREAT FOUNTAINS; CHORAL CONCERT OF 3,000 VOICES; PUBLIC MEETINGS; BALLOON ASCENT by Mr. CORWALL, &c., &c.**

WEDNESDAY will be a good day for quiet enjoyment of the Palace and its wondrous special and unusual attractions. Now at its best. Flowers most beautiful. Nothing like it.

THURSDAY.—The Great Popular Illumination of Fountains, Great Display of Fireworks, and Blazing Comets. Great Day and Evening Fête. Palace Illuminated. One Shilling only. The last great *fete* on Tuesday—although a Five Shilling day—was attended by more than Fifteen thousand visitors; many of the highest distinction. This great Popular Shilling Day must be a great day. Doors open at 10. Ethardo at 6. Fireworks at 9. Palace Illuminated until 10 p.m.—Twelve Hours.

FRIDAY.—Quiet day for inspecting and enjoying the Thousand and One ordinary attractions of the Palace.

SATURDAY.—A Great Ballad Concert at Five o'clock and Palace Brilliantly Illuminated up to Ten p.m. Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Edmunds, Mr. Levy (Cornet), and Madame Arabella Goddard (Pianoforte), &c., &c. Half-Crown Tickets up to Friday night. Saturday Five Shillings. Guinea Season Tickets Free.

NOTE.—This Saturday Ballad Concert and Illuminated Promenade has been given at the request of many Season Ticket holders and other visitors. The selection of music will be from the most popular portions of the repertoires of the talented artists who will take part, and an afternoon's enjoyment of the highest order may be anticipated.

Monday to Friday One Shilling, Saturday Five Shillings. Now is the time for excursions from all parts, or for Clubs, Societies, Schools, Large Firms, Parishes, &c., &c., never before so many. For terms, apply to Secretary's Office.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE PALACE OF THE PEOPLE'S PLEASURES.

MRS. MEREST'S NEW AND POPULAR BALLADS.

"My Fairy," sung by the composer, and always enthusiastically encored; Suitable for all voices. Dedicated (by permission) to the Princess Mary Adelaide. "Farewell, it was only a dream." Dedicated (by permission to the Duchess of Cambridge. Published at 7, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, where Mrs. Merest's terms for Pupils and Concert Engagements may be known. See review of these Ballads in *Illustrated London News*, June 30th.

MASTER MUNDAY will play G. B. ALLEN's "Galop *frileux*" at Mr. CORTELL's Concert, Music Hall, Store Street, next Saturday, July 28th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's Variations on the Carnival of Venice at the "Hall by the Sea," Margate, THIS DAY, July 21, and Tuesday, July 24.

MR. VALENTINE BLAKE will sing Vincent's popular song of "The Home of Early Love," at the Beethoven Rooms, on Wednesday Evening, July 25th.

MISS BERRY GREENING.

MISS BERRY GREENING requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE SEASON.

LAST NIGHT BUT SIX.

EXTRA NIGHT.

THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 21st, Verdi's Opera,

IL TROVATORE.

Leonora, Madame MARIA VILDA (her first appearance in that character); Azucena, Madlle. Moreani; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Graziani; and Manrico, Signor Naudin (his first appearance in that character in England).

CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. COSTA.

LAST NIGHT BUT FIVE.—EXTRA NIGHT.

ON MONDAY NEXT, July 23rd (for the third time), L. and F. Ricci's Comic Opera, CRISPINO E LA COMARE. Madlle. Adelina Patti, Signori Fancelli, Capponi, Ciampi, and Ronconi. With other entertainments.

LAST NIGHT BUT FOUR.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, July 24th, AUBER's Favourite Comic Opera, FRA DIAVOLO. Madlle. Pauline Lucca, Madlle. Moreani, Signori Ronconi, Neri-Baldi, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Naudin.

LAST NIGHT BUT THREE.

For the Benefit of Madlle. Adelina Patti.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 25th, the performance will commence with the First Act of L'ETOILE DU NORD. Caterina, Madlle. Adelina Patti. After which the Second Act of FAUST E MARGHERITA. Margherita, Madlle. Adelina Patti (being her first and only appearance in that character this season). To conclude with the First Act of CRISPINO E LA COMARE. Annetta, Madlle. Adelina Patti.

LAST NIGHT BUT TWO.—EXTRA NIGHT.

ON THURSDAY NEXT July 26, ROSSINI's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.—EXTRA NIGHT.

ON FRIDAY NEXT, July 27th, will be produced MOZART's Opera, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

ON SATURDAY, July 28th, (for the Second Time), MOZART's Opera, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

V.



R.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

SEPTEMBER 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1866.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

TUESDAY MORNING, September 11, "DETTINGEN TE DEUM," "CREATION" (Parts 1 and 2), Selection from "NAAMAN." Wednesday Morning, September 12th, "THE ELIJAH." Thursday Morning, September 13th, Beethoven's "SERVICE IN C." Selection from "JOSHUA," Mendelssohn's "HYMN OF PRAISE." Friday Morning, September 14th, "THE MESSIAH." A GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Evenings, and a BALL on Friday Evening.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:—

Mademoiselle TITTENS,

Mesdames LEMMENS-SHEKINGTON, SAINTON-DOLBY, PATEY-WHYTLOCK,

Messrs. SIMS REEVES, CUMMINGS, SANTLEY, LEWIS THOMAS.

CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. DONE.

ORGAN - - - - - DR. WESLEY.

PIANO - - - - - MR. TOWNSEND SMITH.

The BAND and CHORUS will exceed Three Hundred and Fifty Performers. Programmes of the Performances may be had from Messrs. DRIGTON and SON, Worcester.

PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, M.D., Worcester, Honorary Secretary

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

REDUCED PRICES.—LAST NIGHTS.

The Operas will be given on the same scale of magnificence as during the regular season. The Pit has been greatly enlarged for the accommodation of the public. Restrictions in regard to evening dress will not be enforced. The Opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Free list entirely suspended.

Prices:—Dress Circle, 7s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Pit, 5s.; Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 4s.; Gallery, 2s.; Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to 24 4s.

TITIENS—TREBELL-BETTINI—GASSIER—FOLI—BETTINI.

THIS EVENING (Saturday) July 21st, will be presented ROSSINI'S Opera,
SEMIRAMIDE.

To conclude with a Ballet Divertissement.

NEXT WEEK.

GRAND EVENING PERFORMANCES will be given on Monday Next, July 23rd; Tuesday Next, July 24th; Wednesday Next, July 25th; Thursday Next, July 26th; and Saturday, July 28th.

MONDAY NEXT, July 23rd, Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, **IL DON GIOVANNI**. Donna Anna, Madlle. Titens; Donna Elvira, Madlle. Ilma de Murska (on this occasion only); Zerlina, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Il Commendatore, Signor Foli; Masetto, Signor Bossi; Don Ottavio, Signor Bettini; Leporello, Herr Rokitsansky; Don Giovanni, Signor Gassier. Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

TUESDAY NEXT, July 24th, Mozart's Opera, **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO**. II Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Sanley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Bossi; Basilio, Signor Bettini; Don Curzio, Signor Capello; Antonio, Signor Cassaboni; Cherubino, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Marcelina, Madame Tagliafico; Susanna, Madlle. Sinico; and La Contessa, Madlle. Titens. Conductor, Sig. Ardit.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 25th, (last time) MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera,
ROBERT LE DIABLE.

THURSDAY NEXT, July 26th, **DER FREISCHUTZ.**

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE.—"LES HUGUENOTS."

SECOND (and most positively the last) PERFORMANCE of **LES HUGUENOTS**. FRIDAY NEXT, July 27th (uniting all the Orchestral, Choral, and Scenic resources of the Opera, and supported by the Great Artists). The Morning Performance will commence at Two o'clock. Boxes, Stalls, and places may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre (two doors from Pall Mall), which is open daily under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent, from ten till seven. Places may also be secured by telegram (or by letter, remitting the price of the desired location according to the published price), addressed to Mr. Nugent, "Box Office, Her Majesty's Theatre," to whom post-office orders must be made payable. Tickets also at the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 76, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.—SECOND SOIREE MUSICALE, on Wednesday, July 25th. Members will be assisted by Mr. Valentine Blake, Mr. F. Hartvigson (Pianist to Her Majesty the Queen of Denmark), and Mr. C. Goffrie. Conductors—Mr. W. Ganz, Mr. E. Such, and Mr. E. Schubert. The few remaining tickets to be had at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co's., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS KATE GORDON will play Ascher's New Piano-forte piece, "L'AMOUR DU PASSE," during her Provincial Tours in Kent, the North of England, and Scotland.—82, St. George's Road, S.W.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing Ascher's popular song, "Alice, where art thou," at Hastings, August 3rd and 6th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing at Mons. JULES MORTES' French Popular Concert on Monday, July 23rd.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 199, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Solreés, be sent to his residence, No. 199, Euston Road, N.W.

WILLIE PAPE will be absent on a TOUR through France and Spain during the months of June and July. Communications will be forwarded by Messrs. KIRKMAN and SON.

MISS ANNA HILES, MR. GEORGE PERREN and **MR. WEISS** will sing Randegger's Popular Trio, "I Naviganti" (the Mariners), at Scarborough, THIS DAY, July 21st.

THEY TELL ME I AM QUITE FORGOT. Ballad. By W. T. WRIGHTON. "This is a gem worthy of an opera; it has only to be heard. Mr. Wrighton never wrote better; a more happy melody we have not heard for some time. Suitable for mezzo-soprano."—Vide Bath and Cheltenham Gazette, July 4. 3s. free by post for 19 stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street.

ARTISTES, MANAGERS, AND THE PRESS, by HOWARD GLOVER, sixteen years musical and dramatic editor of the *Morning Post*. Part I will appear Saturday, Sep. 1. To be had of all booksellers. Price, ONE SHILLING.

SIMS REEVES.

THE MESSAGE, for the Pianoforte, 4s. **THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE**, for ditto, 3s. These popular songs, sung by SIMS REEVES and Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, arranged as brilliant pianoforte pieces by the composer, BLUMENTHAL, are published by DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent Street.

EVER THINE.—SUNG BY Miss EMILY SOLDENE WITH brilliant success at the Crystal Palace Concerts, Signor Ardit's Concert, Mr. Aguilar's Matinee, and Mr. Wrighton's Concerts. Published by ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington Street.

WORCESTER MUSIC HALL.—This building is now Re-opened, having been re-modelled and rendered thoroughly comfortable; it is well lighted and heated, and holds from 700 to 800 persons. It is available for public entertainments of every description upon reasonable terms. For particulars, address, Mr. SEARLE, the Music Hall, Worcester.

Just published,

FRANZ LACHNER'S MORNING HYMN, for Soli and Chorus, will be performed at the Beethoven Rooms, on Wednesday Evening, the 25th inst., by the Schubert Society.

Also,

THE CHORAL HYMN—THE MERCY SEAT—from Hymns for Public and Private Worship, under the direction of Mr. SCHUBERT. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

Published this day, price 3s.

PERDITA. A Ballad from the "SHADOWS OF DESTINY," By Captain COLOMB. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

Published this day, price 3s.

"THE SPIRIT OF SPRING." The Poetry by W. H. THOMSON, Esq. The Music by ANNE FRICKER (composer of "Fading Away," &c.)—London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

A DELINA PATTI. *Fleur du Printemps* (Fior di Primavera.) Valse pour Piano, par ADELINA PATTI. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

A DELINA PATTI'S new Waltz for the Piano, "FLEUR DU PRINTEMPS," is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

A DELINA PATTI'S "FLEUR DU PRINTEMPS" Waltz for the Pianoforte, with a portrait of the Prince Imperial (to whom the Waltz is dedicated), is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

THE REPROACH. ("Si vous n'avez rien à me dire.") Sung by Herr Reichardt and M. Jules Lefort with immense success. Composed by J. P. GOLDBERG. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published this day,

GALOP FURIEUX. (Played by Master Munday with brilliant success at the Grial Concert, at St. Martin's Hall, and other concerts) Composed by G. B. ALLEN. Price 4s. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

FRANK ELMORE'S NEW SONGS.

"AIRY FAIRY LILIAN."

Poetry by Tennyson. 3s.

"WERE THIS WORLD ONLY MADE FOR ME."

Poetry by the Princess Amelia. 3s.

Sung every where, with the greatest success, by the Composer.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

AULD LANG SYNE.

ALBERT DAWES' arrangement for the Pianoforte of this popular melody is published, Price 5s., by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

CZERNY'S 25 INDISPENSABLE STUDIES

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Edited by EISOLDT, of Dresden.

10s. 6d.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street.

IL SERAGLIO.

When Mozart gave his first German opera to the world—on the 12th of July, 1782—he had scarcely completed the first half of his twenty-seventh year. Beethoven was a boy of twelve; sixteen years were to elapse before Haydn produced his *Creation*, and ten before the birth of Rossini. Gluck had relinquished active life, and was spending the remainder of his days in honoured leisure at Vienna. The Emperor Joseph II., whom history has loved to represent as the *pater et princeps*, the *præsidium et dulce decus*, at once the Augustus and Mæcenæ of the arts, and especially of music—though in truth he could only appreciate and was only liberal to Italians*—was the reigning potentate; and under his rule music flourished if musicians starved. Mozart had but just escaped the ignominious thralldom of the Erzbischof Sigismund Schrattenbach, to seek for what he obtained seven years later, a place at Court with modest appointments†, serving the Kaiser in the interval as a cheap wonder-show, to be exhibited according to Imperial caprice, for the entertainment of such Imperial guests as might happen to care for music. That—as the late Alexander Oulibicheff, Mozart's Russian biographer and enthusiastic panegyrist, asserts—we owe *Die Entführung* to a strong desire on the part of Joseph II. that Germany as well as Italy should possess an independent lyric drama, and to the steps taken in consequence, is most likely true. The Letters‡, however, by no means warrant the positive assertion of Oulibicheff, that it was the Emperor himself who submitted to Mozart the operetta by Bretzner which Stephanie and the composer together moulded into the shape it ultimately assumed. In a letter from Mannheim (Jan. 10, 1778) we first read of Joseph's scheme for establishing a German Opera, and it was not till four years later that Mozart succeeded in gaining an interview with His Majesty. But without inquiring curiously into this matter, we may safely assume that to Joseph II. Germany and music are indebted more or less directly for the earliest German opera worthy the name.

"*Mein Oper ist geeltern wieder (und zwar auf Begehren des Gluck) gegeben worden*" (writes Mozart to his father at Salzburg, Aug. 7, 1782). "*Gluck hat mir viele Complimente darüber gemacht. Morgen speise ich bei ihm.*" The opera upon which the composer of *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, *Armide*, and the *Iphigenies*, two years after quitting Paris for ever, and five after the production of his greatest work, thus complimented the man who had already equalled, and in some respects surpassed him,§ was *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, produced at Vienna about a month before the letter was written from which the above passages are taken. Despite the Italian cabal which so insidiously and perseveringly intrigued against the far too promising young German, *Die Entführung* had obtained a genuine success with the public,|| and Gluck seems to have acquiesced in the public verdict. Whether the invitation to dinner may be accepted as a criterion of sincerity is hardly worth discussing, though it would be interesting to know much more than can be gathered from the Letters about the personal relations between the old king of lyric drama ("*Der grosse Reformator der dramatischen Musik*") and the rival destined to wear his crown before he had virtually abdicated. We should like, too, to be made acquainted with Mozart's own private opinion about Gluck's music, a point on which the composer of *Don Giovanni* is vexatiously reticent. In a letter dated March 12, 1783, however, we hear of more praises and another invitation to dinner. This was at a concert given by Madame Lange, the composer's sister-in-law, at which he played a concerto, Madame Lange sang an aria, and, adds Mozart, "*Ich gab auch meine Sinfonie vom*

Concert Spirituel dazu?"*—or, as Lady Wallace translates it, "I also played the symphony I wrote for the Concert Spirituel" (vol. ii., page 183). Gluck, it appears, who was in a box near the one occupied by Mozart's wife and the Langes, could not praise the symphony and *aria* enough,† and straightway invited the two couples to dine with him on the Sunday following. These manifestations of sympathy at least go far to prove that the two musicians were socially on pleasant terms with each other, and that the setting luminary was not in hostile antagonism to the rising one. It is a matter of surprise, indeed, to many that Gluck did not confide to Mozart, rather than to Salieri, the task of composing the grand opera called *Les Danaïdes*, which he had pledged himself to write for Paris, but which he abandoned at the last moment, as an undertaking beyond his powers. Perhaps some cynics may think that Mozart would have been too brilliant a deputy for the conqueror of Piccini; and perhaps they are not far wrong. It was easier to outshine Piccini than not to be eclipsed by Mozart. On the other hand, Salieri had taken lessons from Gluck, while Mozart had received lessons from no one of any account except his money-seeking father, who, by dragging him over the world in his childhood and showing him about from place to place as a phenomenon, in all likelihood planted those seeds in his constitution which at the end brought about his lamentably early death.

The published letters of Mozart contain nothing more interesting than the account he gives of how he set to work on, and how he advanced with, the composition of *Die Entführung*. The subject, which, after considerable difficulty, was selected for him by Stephanie, at that time "*Inspicient*," afterwards "*Regisseur*" of the German Opera in Vienna, pleased him exceedingly. The name of the little comedy with music, by Bretzner, upon which they founded the libretto was *Belmont und Konstanze, oder Die Verführung aus dem Serail*. Mozart was satisfied with it for several reasons. It gave him, in Belmont and Konstanze, a pair of lovers of the genuine sort—a cavalier, *amator amice mancipium* after his own heart, and a lady fit to put on the chains her *inamorato* is but too content to wear. Mozart generally treated love from the point of view of the tenderest sentiment. *Amore nihil mollius*—only half the apophthegm of St. Bernard—was his motto; he ignored the *nihil violentius*. And what songs he found for Belmont! There is nothing in music more expressively melodious than the air in which the amorous swain, all sighs, describes the passion that consumes him ("O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig!") Mozart himself, not given, except under provocation to self-praise, speaks rapturously about this air, in a letter to his father (September 26, 1781). It was designed expressly to show off to advantage the voice and style of the famous tenor, Adamberger, and, as the composer tells us, was the favourite with all who had heard it, as well as with himself.‡ Even the *bravura* songs for Constanze, which Mozart was compelled to write in order to flatter the self-esteem of a certain Madlle. Cavalieri (German in spite of her name), are full of the same tender grace; and it is a pity that the most beautiful of them, the recitative and air in G minor, "*Traurigkeit ward mir zum Loe*" (Act II.), should be precisely the one which is omitted in the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre. Then Blonde and Pedrillo afforded the fertile genius of our composer an opportunity of exhibiting itself in another light. The servants of Constanze and Belmont are, as a matter of course, in love; but how different is their love from the

* Symphony in D, written for and performed at the Concerts Spirituels, in Paris—July, 1778.

† "*Er konnte die Sinfonie und die Arie nicht genug loben.*" Lady Wallace says—"he was vehement in his praise," &c. Why "vehement"?

‡ We cannot refrain from giving an example here of the off-hand style in which the collection of Mozart's Letters, edited by Ludwig Nohl (Salzburg), has been translated into English. At the end of his description Mozart says—"Man sieht das Zittern, Wanken, man sieht wie sich die schwellende Brust hebt, welches durch ein Crescendo exprimirt ist; man hört das Lispeln und Seufzen, welches durch die ersten Violinen mit Sordinen und einer Fide mit im Unisono ausgedrückt ist." This is rendered: "You hear the trembling, throbbing, swelling breast expressed by a crescendo; while the whispers and sighs are rendered by the first violins with *sordini*, and a flute in unison." Elsewhere "*die Violinen in Octaven*" is translated "by octaves on the violins." (1)

* "*Bei ihm ist nichts als Salieri*"—writes Mozart, in his disappointment at not getting the Princess of Württemberg for a pupil (Dec. 15, 1781).

† It was not till after the death of Hofcapellmeister Gluck (Nov. 15, 1787), that Mozart was appointed chamber musician (*Kammermusicus*), at an annual salary of 800 gulden. And yet *Don Giovanni* had been produced!

‡ Mozart's Briefe, nach den Originalen herausgegeben. Von Ludwig Nohl.

§ *Idomeneo* had been given at Munich in 1781.

|| Mozart himself speaks about its seventeenth performance.

impassioned utterances of their betters! As Shakespeare could make each type of humanity speak, so could Mozart make each type of humanity sing after its kind. The airs assigned to Blonde, charming as they are—one of them indeed ("Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln"), perhaps, a thought high-flown for "my lady's lady"—would never have been given by Mozart to Constanze; still less would he have dreamed of allotting any of the music of *Pedrillo* to Belmont. He has treated them both lovingly, nevertheless. If *Pedrillo* had nothing else to sing than the deliciously quaint romance in the last act, "Im Mohrenland gefangen war ein Madl hübsch und fein," he would be precious to musicians. This has been called "the song in many keys," and not inappropriately. In each verse it touches upon no less than seven—B minor, D, A, C, G, F sharp minor, F sharp major, and again B minor, finishing, by an unexpected transition, in D—and all in the most natural way possible. But *Pedrillo* has also a share of that wonderfully comic duet, "Vivat Bacchus!" in the situation where he makes the watchful gardener drunk—the "Sauf-Duett"—"welches in Nichts als in meinem türkischen Zapfenstreich besteht" ("which consists of nothing but my Turkish tattoo"), as it is described in the letter already cited, one of the longest and most interesting in the collection. Osmin was another cause of satisfaction to Mozart. Not only could he now contrast the two pairs of lovers with each other, but introduce a fresh element in his music opposed alike to either. That keen sense of humour the possession of which has been unjustly denied to him found the happiest expression in his musical treatment of Osmin. Of the songs composed for that functionary, the first (the well-known "Questi avventurieri infami"), where the irritable old servant works himself up into an ebullition of rage, and the last (the no less familiar "O, wie will ich triumphieren"), where he exults in the discomfiture and gloats on the anticipated punishment of the lovers, are of course the most important, both from a musical and dramatic point of view. Our favourite, nevertheless, is the ballad in three verses, with a different accompaniment to each verse ("Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden"—Act I.), which grows into a duet with Belmont, whose importunate questionings exasperate Osmin more and more, till he explodes in one of his constitutional fits. The turn of this melody is such that we wonder the omnivorous Mr. William Chappell should not have claimed it long ago, as genuine "old English," and put it in his book.

His favourite quintet of dramatic personages thus completed, the way in which, after endowing each with a strong individuality, Mozart blends them together in his concerted music, may easily be understood by those who are aware that he is the greatest master of combination whom the art has known. Though the texture of *Il Seraglio* is much less elaborately interwoven than that of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, it still displays the unequalled ingenuity of its author; and while the most salient characteristics of the opera are its wealth of melody, its dramatic *verve*, and its discrimination of character, it contains some concerted pieces—three duets (besides the notable "Zapfenstreich"), a trio, a quartet, and a *finale*—which are indelibly stamped with the genius of Mozart. A sixth personage—Selim, the good-natured Pasha, who, after a little show of wrath, pardons the violation of his harem's sanctity, and lets the lovers go, to the surprise and indignation of the jealous Osmin—does not help the composer much; but Selim is necessary to the dramatic action, and without him we should not have had the spirited and truly characteristic "*türkische Musik*"—the overture, "*ganz kurz*," but deliciously fresh, and the choruses of Janissaries, just as short and just as good. It was this union of various incentives to musical expression which directly took the fancy of Mozart, who, in a letter in which he tells his father, with boyish delight, that Stephanie has at last found a subject for his opera, says—"Das Buch ist ganz gut." Those who differ from the great musician will readily forgive him, for never was want of judgment, if want of judgment must be laid to his charge, more gracefully redeemed.

The representation of *Il Seraglio* at Her Majesty's Theatre, judged from a musical point of view, is singularly good. Madlle. Tietjens, born and nurtured in such music, is possibly the best Constanze that could now be met with on any stage, abroad or at home—

De Paris à Delhi, du couchant à l'aurore.

Taxing to singers of ordinary gifts and acquirements as are the two

great airs, they present no difficulties to this thoroughly well-trained artist, whose versatility, considering how nearly she approaches excellence in whatever she essays, is almost without example. Madlle. Tietjens very wisely transposes the first air a tone lower (from B flat to A flat), a liberty which Mozart himself, had he lived in these times of "high diapason," would on no account have denied her. Of the rest of her performance we can only say, as Boileau says of the *école* of Molière—

Tout en est beau, tout en est bon;

and if she would, once in a way, substitute for the showy and difficult *bravura* of the second act the impassioned air that precedes it (and which is now omitted), we should owe her a still larger debt of thanks. In Madlle. Sinico this model Constanze finds a most acceptable Blonde. Though not born and nurtured in such music, like her accomplished companion, it comes gracefully and readily to Mr. Mapleson's admirable *seconda donna*—and more than respectable "*prima donna assoluta*," when (as frequently happened at the beginning of the present season) her services for the higher office are called into request. Madlle. Sinico also transposes her most difficult air (from A to G), for reasons to which we need not further allude. The acting of this lady is remarkable for a natural liveliness that cannot be too much commended; and here she is well mated with Signor Stagno, a light tenor, who, if he would be more careful, might become invaluable in such characters as *Pedrillo*. Signor Stagno has a voice worth cultivating, but which wants cultivation. He has, too, a real aptitude for the stage. His best effort in *Il Seraglio* is the duet with Osmin, when *Pedrillo* plans the escape from Selim, by the time-honoured expedient of plying the watchful guardian with wine ("Vivat Bacchus!"). The quaint Moorish serenade ("In un castello d'Aragona"—the "song of the keys"), at the beginning of the third act, is ruined by being sung twice too fast; but Signor Stagno might profitably employ a leisure hour in reconsidering it, and endeavouring to get at the bottom of its musical significance. Dr. Gunz is a Teutonic Belmont, *pur sang*. His voice is by no means of agreeable quality, but, although his expression may be here and there overdrawn, he sings with artistic refinement. His best effect is in that most exquisite of love-songs ("Constanza! Constanza!") which, according to Mozart's own testimony (*Letters*—Dec. 6, 1781) was composed—with the first air of Constanze, and the glorious trio for Osmin, Belmont and *Pedrillo*, at the end of the first act—in one day. Herr Rokitanski's Osmin wants little more than a dash of genuine humour to be perfect. He rattles through the airs in which the irascible old steward vents his spleen with unflagging spirit and fluency, and has an excellent notion of how the character should be dramatically embodied. Then his voice is one of the finest deep basses we have heard, although it has not that extraordinary range, high and low, which enabled Fischer, the famous bass for whom Mozart expressly wrote the music of this part*, to give the prodigious air, "Questi avventurieri" ("Solche hergelaufne Laffen"), in the original key. When the Archbishop of Salzburg (Graf Schrattenbach) said of this same Fischer that "*er singt zu tief für einen Bassisten*," Mozart might have responded, "And too high as well, which you will own when you hear my 'Solche hergelaufne Laffen.'" In transposing it Herr Rokitanski calculates not so much on exhibiting his lower note as on saving his higher ones; and he acts with prudence. What little Selim has to do in a musical way is as well done by that useful artist, Signor Foli, as could be wished. The chorus, as usual, is good, and the Turkish choruses are given with infinite spirit. In the last *finale*, the opening theme of which is truly Orphean, the contrast made by the quick, short chorus ("Selim! viva lunghi giorni"), which brings it to an end, is as exhilarating as anything in dramatic music; and nothing can be more pointed and vigorous than the manner in which it is executed. Signor Arditi takes some of the movements much too fast, but in all other respects the performance of his orchestra in *Il Seraglio* is irreproachable. Of the "cuts" he has deemed it expedient to make in the score of Mozart—the omission of one of the airs belonging to Constanze, and (less defensible) of one of those assigned to Belmont,

* And for whom it was at one time his intention to recast the tenor part in *Idomeneo*, as a bass.

allowed for—we cannot approve. Very little time is saved by such curtailments; while in more instances than one, and especially in the case of the last *finale*, the design of the composer is frustrated to no purpose. About the "*mise en scène*" the less said the better. With such an artist as Mr. Telbin in the theatre, *something* might surely have been done for the revival of an opera by Mozart.

S. B.

—0—

A GERMAN VIEW OF MUSICAL HISTORIES.

SIR,—No field of history has been so sparingly cultivated up to the present time as the history of music. The most voluminous works we Germans possess on the subject (such as those by Brendel, Reissmann, Schlüter, &c.), although written in an independent spirit, are either so sketchy, or so little indebted to due research, that the desire for an exhaustive and satisfactory treatment of the matter has never been gratified. In the last century, Forkel commenced a comprehensive history of music, but, unfortunately, did not bring it to a conclusion, discontinuing it on the threshold of modern times, that is, exactly at the point it began to be interesting. A recent undertaking, the *History of Music*, by Ambros, has only reached the second volume. The progress of this book, which affords evidence of the greatest diligence, of laudable profundity, and of rare acquirements, is far too slow, considering the impatience with which its completion is awaited. Foreign countries can certainly boast of valuable historical works on music, but these works are generally on special subjects. The Italians (Pater Martini, for instance) have written the musical history of Italy; the English (Hawkins, Burney, Jones, and Busby), that of England, &c. Some authors, moreover, have tried their hand at the history of church music and of oratorio, of opera and of musical pieces, of songs and national melodies, in separate monographies, and modern musical literature is rich in admirable biographical works. Still all these preliminary labours are not yet sufficient to give us a picture, in all respects exhaustive, of the history of music, especially the music of Germany. While for France, the matter for a history of music is concentrated in Paris, and for England in London; in Germany it is dispersed through hundreds of channels. All the large, small, and petty capitals, all the Imperial and commercial cities, have their separate musical histories. The arrangements, the customs, the progress of all these cities, great and small, display an infinite variety. In one, there is no concentration; in another, everything hurries forward by independent paths of its own. The musical history of the villages of Germany is endlessly diversified, and contains a large store of experience and interesting observation. Up to the present moment but little has been done for Germany in the way of such special musical histories. We have the history of the theatres of Hamburg, Lübeck, Berlin, Brunswick, Leipzig, Gotha, Dresden, Vienna, Nuremberg, Würzburg, Munich, Mannheim, Darmstadt, &c.; and an attempt has been made to write a history of music and the drama in Prussia. The various musical papers, as well as Chrysander's *Jahrbücher*, have, in their particular way, contributed by no means an unimportant amount of information. But all this does not suffice. Before it is possible to write an exhaustive history of music in Germany it will be necessary to have the special musical history of the more considerable capitals and Imperial cities (let the reader think for a moment of Nuremberg and Augsburg). As far as Bavaria is concerned, a happy beginning has been made. In obedience to commands from a high quarter, Dr. Mettenleiter, of Regensburg, has, for years past, been collecting materials for a musical history of Bavarian towns, and the first fruits of his labours, *The History of Music in Regensburg*,* are now before us. Any one casting merely a cursory glance over such a work has no conception what courage, what devotion, what patient self-denial such an undertaking requires; what preparatory studies and wearisome research it demands. The work just mentioned gives us, in four parts or divisions, the musical history of the celebrated old town. The first two parts contain the theoretical works treating of music generally, and those treating of liturgical music especially; the two others, the practical application of the theoretical principles to sacred and mundane purposes. We are

supplied with detailed information of all musical works originated in Regensburg, and still to be found there; of all composers who were born, and who worked, there; of the arrangements regarding church-music; of the practice of music in the schools; of dramatic and of concert music; of the town musicians, and, in a word, of everything relating to music. In addition to this, a mass of false and doubtful facts are set right; deficiencies made good; and unknown matter brought to light. The author, who himself possesses an invaluable musical library, has taken advantage of all the means within his reach, including archives, public and private collections, and even hawkers' stalls. He gives us, and desires to give us, only materials and authentic documents, as contributions for future works. For this reason, he refrains as much as possible from opinions and additions of his own. Many readers might, probably, have preferred a continuous narrative, but, even in its present shape, the book is not without some highly attractive portions. Among these I would more especially include the warm and enthusiastic description of the life, the travels, and the labours, of that most meritorious investigator, Dr. X. Proske. One thing that is somewhat objectionable in the earlier parts is a certain prominent employment of Latin. A great many readers, especially musicians, will not understand it, and, consequently, be unable to benefit by the interesting information it contains. However desirable it may be to retain old codices in the original language, it is an indisputable fact, that, if the book is to find its way among, and be understood by, a large circle of readers, there should always be a faithful translation, and great caution in the use of Latin flourishes. What I most especially miss in the book is a catalogue of the German Roman Catholic and Protestant Hymn Books printed and used in Regensburg. As church music constitutes a material part of the musical history of a town, and as, moreover, it is impossible to obtain a clear notion of the subject as long as we are not acquainted with its literature, it appears urgently desirable that, at some future time, a separate chapter should be devoted to it.

I may shortly expect the musical history of Amberg by the same author. I look forward with satisfaction to his new work as a continuation of the task already begun. Heroic courage is required to venture on such undertakings, and, from the bottom of my heart, I wish the indefatigable investigator and his writings all the success they deserve.

[About Dr. Burney and Co.—but especially Dr. Burney—this Teutonic would-be histriographer might do well to consult Mr. William Chappell, who holds consultations equinotially. About Schlüter's notable specimen of historical book-making the *Saturday Review* has said something more or less to the purpose. —A. SILENT.]

STRASBURG.—The "Florentine Quartet" of Herr J. Becker and colleagues are about making a tour along the Rhine, and have already given two most numerously attended and most successful concerts in this city. As the room in the Hôtel d'Angleterre proved too small to accommodate the crowds that sought admission, the third concert was to take place in the more spacious Temple Neuf. The Quartet consists of MM. J. Becker (1st violin); F. Hilpert (violoncello); E. Masi (2nd violin); and L. Choistri (tenor). It is difficult to conceive that any four artists can play more beautifully together. How high a rank Herr J. Becker holds as a violinist it is unnecessary to mention here, because his fame has found an echo in all the musical papers of the Rhine, of London, and of Paris. At the first concert, Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, Op. 74, excited great enthusiasm; the execution of the Adagio and Scherzo more especially was much admired. Mendelssohn's Quartet in E minor was played in an equally admirable manner. Between the two, Herr Becker performed a brilliant *pièce de salon*: "Les Souvenirs de Bellini." In addition to the foregoing, Haydn's Quartet-Serenade was given in such a way as to send the auditory into perfect ecstasies of delight.—At the second concert, the programme included Beethoven's Quartet in F, Op. 59, and Schumann's in A major, both executed with masterly power and finish. Between these, Herr Hilpert performed a Solo by Servais for the Violoncello, and proved he could play a concerto quite as well as take part in a quartet. There were, likewise, a Duet for two Violins, by Beckermasi; a Romance for Violin; and, at the general request, a repetition of Haydn's Serenade (including the variations, the title of which were, however, not announced in the bills, probably on account of the present state of affairs). In addition to the storm of applause which greeted them, the artists received from some of the ladies garlands bound with ribbons of the German and Italian colours.

* *Musikgeschichte der Stadt Regensburg. Aus Archivalien und sonstigen Quellen bearbeitet von Dr. Dom. Mettenleiter. Regensburg: 1866.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bis.—No, no! The paragraph ran as follows:—"The honours of the evening fell naturally to Mr. Santley, who comes back to England not as a prodigal son, but simply as a favourite child, and who, unfortunately for us, is as much a favourite abroad as he is at home. Mr. Santley sang his two principal airs magnificently, and, if encores had been the order of the day, or rather of the evening (which happily they were not), would certainly have been called upon to repeat them." The *Morning Post*, not the *Morning Herald*, was the paper. So "Bis" will have to pay forfeit. We will not lend him the money. About the other paragraph "Bis" is also in error. It ran as follows:—"If we are bound to criticise, we can only say that, instead of hearing first Mr. Sims Reeves without Mr. Santley, and then Mr. Santley without Mr. Sims Reeves, it would be better if Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley could be heard together." This was also from the *M. P.*, not from the *M. H.* So "Bis" again must pay forfeit, and we will not lend him the money.

STEPHEN ROUND.—Miss Berry-Greening's concerts were of a kind to defy description piece by piece. They were among the longest ever given. The first of a so-called "national" series began at eight o'clock on a Saturday evening, and few strict observers of the Sabbath could have been present when it came to a conclusion. We have no room for Mr. Round's letter, nor is its publication absolutely indispensable.

NOAH POPE.—"How is this symphony to be described?" The question is odd. What symphony was ever described in an intelligible manner, except by M. Lenz—whose interpretations, after all, can only be understood by those unacquainted with the works he interprets, and are therefore unintelligible? We can put a question as easily as Mr. Noah Pope.

FRACASTORIUS.—"As corn luxuriates in a better mold." Guinea may be thus molossified:—*one-pound-one*. "Fracastorius" should read *Ulysses*, *Ulysses*, or *Godwin's Essay on Sepulchres*. He might do better. *Perdidit urbes*. Ask Mr. Henry Farnie.

ENQUIRE.—Mr. Alfred Mellon, Mr. Charles Coote and Mr. G. W. Martin are still sojourning, we believe, at the Sussex Hotel, Eastbourne. *Requiescat* (at Eastbourne) in pace. Why is not Mr. J. Pittman of their company?

Dr. Egg's letter is inadmissible, for several reasons—not because we disagree with its writer, which we trust he may understand,—but for several reasons. The letter of Dr. Breen might pass; but the subject has been discussed *ad nauseam*. "E" is the initial letter of the patronyme rendered world-famous by the director of the Musical Union, who was no doubt the assailant of the newspaper *Quadrilateral* in last week's issue. It is said that Fort Standard, Fort Post, and Fort Telegraph suffered severely. The garrison-commanders, however, have repaired the breaches. There are many Germans in Fort Telegraph, many Frenchmen in Fort Post, many Irishmen in Fort Standard. Nevertheless, Dr. Egg's letter is inadmissible, for several reasons.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

BIRTH.

On Monday, July 19, the wife of Signor ARDITI of a son.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

THE present fearful state of things necessarily exercises a most depressing influence on the spirits of the Viennese, who, as a rule, are as fond of amusement as the inhabitants of any capital in the world. Every forehead is clouded with doubt and anxiety, and the empty benches of the numerous places of public amusement, generally so well filled, offer melancholy evidence of the prevailing dejection.—Under any other circumstances, the re-opening of the Imperial Operahouse, on the 1st inst., with Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*—Herr Nachbauer, from the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, appearing for the first time as Arnold—would have been sure of drawing a very crowded audience. As it was, however, the visitor sang to a select number of regular theatre-goers, whom scarcely anything could prevent from indulging in their favourite amusement, and of newspaper critics, whose duty it was to be present. Herr Nachbauer possesses a fine, well-trained voice. His style is unmistakably Italian. His appearance is pleasing, and his acting that of an experienced artist. If he is as good in his future characters as he was in his first, there can be no doubt of his being offered a permanent engagement. The whole performance was exceedingly satisfactory, but even Rossini's masterpiece was incapable of rivetting the attention of the audience long, for, despite all the magic of sweet sounds, the evening papers flew from hand to hand, and disquieting reports interfered with the proper enjoyment of the opera.—Madame Peschka-Leutner, already a favourite with the Viennese, commenced an engagement on the 6th inst., by appearing as Martha, under similarly disadvantageous circumstances. Since the last time she sang in Vienna she has gained considerably in routine and stage experience. A pupil of Madame Pockholtz-Falkoni, Madame Leutner, who is still young, displays all the good characteristics of her school, but, unfortunately, her voice wants the fullness and power, as well as the sympathetic quality, so necessary for a *prima donna* who would achieve a lasting success at the Imperial Operahouse here. Nor is Madame Leutner endowed with the gracefulness we expect to see in a representative of Martha. Her *bravura*, however, was exceedingly good, and deserving of great applause, which, by the way, it obtained. Herr Nachbauer gave universal satisfaction as Lionel. Madlle. Bettelheim, always an admirable Nancy, carried off some of the laurels which would otherwise have fallen to the lot of Madame Leutner. Herr Maierhofer, as Plumket, was, as usual, greatly applauded in the "Beer Song." The house was very thinly attended.—At the Theatre an der Wien, *Die Hirschkuh* (*La Biche au Bois*) with difficulty enables the manager to pay his way. The state of things is quite as wretched at the other theatres in the suburbs, and, until some ray of comfort illuminates the utter darkness of the political horizon, it would be far better for all the managers to close their theatres, because at the present moment the public do not take any interest in them.

With the view of establishing a fund for the benefit of the widows and children of Austrian soldiers who have fallen in the war, the members of all the Vocal Unions in Vienna, with Herr Herbeck at their head, have determined on giving a Monster Vocal Festival in the Prater. It was fixed to come off on the 15th inst., but will have, probably, to be postponed. At the present time, even a patriotic Festival like this would fail to attract the public.

"It may not," says the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* of the 11th inst., "be uninteresting to our readers to know what has been going on during the last week in the Austrian provincial theatres." It then gives the following extract from *Zellner's Blätter für Theater und Musik* of the 3rd inst. :—

"The report of the victory achieved by the Army of the North was announced, in Gratz, in both theatres, last Wednesday, and ran through the town like lightning. Scarcely had the manager, Herr Kreibitz, pronounced, in the *Landschaftliches Theater*, the words: 'I have to make public a gratifying piece of news from the Army of the North,' when a shout of joy burst forth from the whole house, to become even still louder after the reading of the telegram. The news was received with the same wild delight at the *Thalia-Theater* also. The whole company came upon the stage and sang the National Hymn, which was twice uproariously encored, and played while handkerchiefs and hats were being waved in wild enthusiasm.—At the German Landestheater, Prague, the intelligence of the first victorious event of the day was celebrated by singing the National Hymn, which was greeted with tumultuous cheers by the assembled audience. The same occurred in the *Neustädter-Theater*, where, after the first act of the opera, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, the victorious despatch was read, and then the National Hymn performed. The manager, Herr Thomé, had the doors of the Theatre thrown open, and the public in the gardens were invited to enter; an invitation that was accepted."

Commenting on the above, the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* says:—

"We sincerely wish that music at least were not connected with telegraphic lies; that the Hymn of Joseph Haydn, a man so opposed to aught like untruth and deceit, were not sung to celebrate a victory over Prussia, at the very moment our soldiers were fighting gloriously and triumphantly for King and Country, for Art and the Freedom of Science!"

The *Berliner* says sooth. Nevertheless, I wish the war were over, Prussia were Germany, Italy Italy, and Austria Austria. Then music would again claim its place; then would every Dutchman sing with Flaccus, "*Nunc est bibendum*," &c.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The Seven Directors of the Philharmonic Concerts entertained their distinguished conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, at dinner on Thursday. The convivial meeting took place at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, and passed off as such a meeting should pass off. At ten o'clock a special train brought every one that pleased to London.

And this reminds me that you have only alluded cursorily to the eighth and last concert of the present season. Let me at least append the programme, that your record may be complete. Here it is:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, No. 1, in C major	Mozart.
Aria, Herr Gunz, "Komm' o holde Dame" (La Dame Blanche)	Boieldieu.
Concerto, Pianoforte, in A minor, Herr Jaell	Schumann.
Aria, Mdle. Tietjens, "Dei tuoi figli" (Medea)	Cherubini.
Overture, "The Woodnymphs"	W. S. Bennett.

PART II.

Sinfonia Eroica	Beethoven.
Cavatina, Mdle. Tietjens, "Com'è bello" (Lucrezia Borgia)	Donizetti.
Overture, "Jubilee"	Weber.

I shall not trouble your readers with a criticism of the performance. Indeed, none is necessary. The bright young symphony of Mozart, written the year after *Il Seraglio* (1783—at Linz, for a small orchestra, without flutes or clarinets), the gorgeous epic in which Beethoven emphatically declared his independence, the delicate and highly finished woodland picture of Bennett (now more than a quarter of a century old), and the inspiring "Jubilee" of Weber, were all played as those who love them love to hear them played and appreciated as they deserve. (The symphony of Mozart, by the way, is No. 2, not No. 1, of the six "grand," No.

1 being the D with a minuet, composed a year earlier). After the *Woodnymphs* overture there was an enthusiastic demonstration in favour of the composer-conductor, who so persistently and happily adheres to his resolution of declining the Philharmonic "baton," should it be offered to him (which it is pretty sure to be) again. Well, he has done his duty. He has sustained the fortunes and the reputation of the society against formidable rivalry and studied hostility. He also leaves it with a splendid orchestra.

Herr Jaell played Schumann's more difficult than interesting concerto with amazing vigor, and was enthusiastically called back at the end of his performance. Dr. Gunz sang carefully his hardly well-chosen song, and Mdle. Tietjens was magnificent in the noble air from *Medea*. (But this *par parenthèse*.)

C. FISH.

THE *Neiderrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, in an interesting article, once more brings prominently forward the oft-discussed question, as to the advisability of prize-competitions in art, especially musical art. Our contemporary makes a distinction between two kinds of competition. One kind aims at discovering and aiding young talent; the other, at producing fine works. Both are considered.

The first kind, it is argued, patronised on a grand scale by the governments of France and Belgium, and represented in Germany by the Mozart-Stiftung at Frankfort, as well as more recently by the Meyerbeer-Stiftung, has, despite everything advanced against it, often worked very satisfactorily. It has been objected that very many of the so-called *Grands Prix* in Paris have not subsequently fulfilled their early promises, and that those who were really talented, and some of whom have become celebrated, such as Hérold, Berlioz, Halévy, Gounod, Thomas, and others, would have got on even without carrying off the prize. That every blossom does not ripen into fruit is an eternal law of nature, but that fruit enjoying more sun and more rain than it otherwise would enjoy does not become more juicy is a fact difficult to prove. And are not certain years free from care in youth the same to true talent that a mild spring sun is to the nascent bud? Just so has the modest Mozart-Stiftung at Frankfort already profited more than one gifted youth in a double fashion, by facilitating the serious prosecution of his studies, and, also, by directing towards him, at an early period, and to a certain extent, the attention of the musical public. Let others undertake the task of informing us what are the contrary tendencies of such a system of prizes; compared to the benefits, they will certainly not be very important.

But, insists the *Musik-Zeitung*, the results of offering prizes for works of art of a certain defined character or form appear not to have been so satisfactory. Numerous have been the attempts made in conformity with this system, but there is, perhaps, not a single work of great importance, and certainly there is not one of acknowledged celebrity, which owes its existence to competition. Most of the pieces bearing the proud names of Prize-Quartets, Prize-Sonatas, and so on, do not go beyond respectability. Nor is this a fact to astonish us. A sum of money, however desirous anyone may be of gaining it, and the relative opinion of two or three judges, are elements which cannot possibly be the source of inspiration. And though the period allowed for sending in the various competing works be sufficiently long, it must be observed, and, under certain circumstances, may conduce to that kind of haste which hurries on the work without advancing its value. The worst fact, however, is that those composers from whom we might expect useful works, hold themselves in most cases aloof from prize competitions.

It cannot be denied that there are always some young artists,

half or wholly unknown, possessing higher natural gifts than many of those who have already attracted the attention of the public and of the publishers. But there is one quality, at any rate, which we must allow these latter: they have bought their position dearly enough! Can we blame them for not exposing themselves to the chances of competition; for not liking to write large works, which may possibly be rejected; or for avoiding aught which may give rise to the disagreeable impression that in certain cases they are surpassed by competitors to whom they are, as a rule, superior? It will be objected that this is an evil to which even the greatest man is every day exposed from the public. Certainly it is. But the public is a power of Nature: we must put up with it, as we put up with the weather. The judgment of a few individuals, however conscientious they may be, is quite a different thing. Instances of partiality may always occur, and it is only natural that an artist of reputation will not rashly undertake any important work, by which he really cannot obtain very much, when there is a possibility or a probability of his not succeeding; for Fortune can, after all, be propitious to only one among a number of equally talented individuals.

But it is not even the above, somewhat egotistical, grounds which prevent composers of repute from competing for such prizes. With most of them there predominates the feeling that it is not right to deprive artists, who are beginning their career, of such opportunities for making themselves known, or, at least, to surround such opportunities with greater difficulties. And this is as it ought to be. But save in the rarest cases, young artists will establish their fame by different works from these. To write anything thoroughly good to order is the work of an experienced master, and not every master, however experienced.

Deizes—July 16.

G. ROORES.

HERR LUDWIG STRAUS has left London for the Continent.

AN AMENDE HONOURABLE.—We omitted in our last notice of concerts to speak of the excellent Monday Popular Concert given for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard. No one has a fairer right to encouragement from the supporters of these classical entertainments than Madame Goddard, who was associated with them from the beginning, and who has lent them her constant and zealous co-operation. Her still-unforgotten musical evenings, in 1856, 1857, 1858, and 1859, had, no doubt, some influence in promoting the establishment of others appealing to a more mixed and far more numerous public; and the fact of her overlooking self-interest and abandoning her own *soirées*, in order to afford aid and countenance to an undertaking which was calculated largely to extend whatever benefits may attach to the wider diffusion of a taste for genuine music, alone entitles her to consideration. True, her claims have been warmly acknowledged, for among those who continually perform at the Monday Popular Concerts there is no greater or more universally recognized favourite than herself. Her "benefit" invariably attracts one of the largest and most brilliant attendances of the season, and the last was no exception to the rule, St. James's Hall being literally crowded in every part.—*Illustrated Times*.

A CONCERT for the benefit of the fund of the First Middlesex Artillery was given at the Riding School, Knight-bridge, on Wednesday week. The programme was too long by one third; and I can merely specify the names of the performers, as I remained during the first part only. There were Misses Poole, Palmer Lisle, Lucy Franklin, Mesdames Weiss, Harriette Lee, De Lisle Allen, Thaddeus Wells, Mdles. Linas and Christina Martorelli, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper (who sang "The bride of a day," accompanied by the composer, Mr. G. B. Allen), Whiffin (who sang Mr. George Perren's "Beware!"), Wallworth, Lansmere, Balsir Chatterton (harp), Cheshire (do.), Thaddeus Wells, Tamplin, Hallett Sheppard, Henry Parker and Charles Braham. I sincerely hope such an assemblage of talent may have produced good results for the cause.

B. B.

BRIEF BRIEFS.

SIR,—May I request you will cast a glance at the appended pictures, each of which is worth an eye:—

At the concert given a few days ago by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a printed apology for the possible absence or lateness of some of the members of the orchestra was circulated. It appeared that many would have to come from "a considerable distance," and that having the fear of accidents "by rail or by road" before them, they did not feel sure they would reach St. James's Hall by the hour fixed for the commencement of the concert. On reading this remarkable announcement it struck us for a moment that we must be at Vienna, and that the musicians had to come from Königsrätz by the train which carried Dr. Russell in his memorable journey at the rate of a mile and a half an hour. But no; we were in London, with Piccadilly on one hand, and Regent Street on the other. Where the musicians hailed from who were so much afraid of only reaching St. James's Hall in time to be too late was not made known. We may add that, owing no doubt to their own superhuman efforts, as well as to a fortunate absence of accidents "by rail and by road," they contrived to put in an appearance at a tolerable hour, and that they played Mr. Sullivan's symphony.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Verdi for years past has seemed to be the one composer of modern Italy, and it is a fact that since the first production of Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, something like a quarter of a century ago, Verdi's have been the only Italian operas brought out in England. It appears, however, that there are still plenty of operatic composers in Italy. How many of them are good is quite a different question; but as regards mere numbers it appears from the *Musical World* that there are as many as nine who expect to have operas produced next season at Milan alone. The name of the first of these composers is Verdi, who has completed an opera on a subject already treated in the form of a tragedy* by Schiller (and by Lord Russell), and whose *Don Carlos* will be anxiously expected. The names of the other eight are Pacini (already known to us by selections from his works), Miceli (whose opera is entitled *Belshazzar's Feast*), Bazzini, Piacenza, Quartez, Pincherle (who has taken *I Promessi Sposi* for his subject), Borioli, and La Villa (who has put into music the Phædra-like story of *Rosamunda*).—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

* In the form of a tragedy-comedy.—A. S. S.

Now with Mr. Sullivan's symphony the concert did not begin, the first piece being Professor Bennett's overture, *The Naiades*; secondly, the bulk of the orchestra consisted of the Crystal Palace band; and thirdly, there was a concert at the Crystal Palace on the same day. *Hinc*, &c. Fourthly, Pacini is known to us by certain of his operas, and as composer may be catalogued "aged." Fifthly, we know his *Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*, his *Schiava in Bagdad*, his *Saffo*, &c.; and sixthly, I am, yours to command, T. DUFF SHORT.

[The *Pall Mall Gazette* must mind its peas and Kews, or it will run the chance of being arraigned for perfunctoriness, which can hardly be included in its general polity.—A. S. S.]

MISS FORBES, the pianist, gave a *matinée musicale* at Collards' Rooms on Monday week, and played several solos with much success. Mdle. Fortuna sang Verdi's bolero from the *Vesperi Siciliani*. Mdle. Angèle sang Benedict's charming songs "Rock me to sleep" and "The Ash Grove," the latter accompanied on the harp by Mr. John Thomas. Mr. Wilbye Cooper introduced a new song by Mr. G. B. Allen, "The bride of a day," accompanied by the composer (a most effective song, with some capital verses by Mr. Wellington Guernsey), and Gabriel's "Salva Maria." Mr. Montgomery, who kindly took the place of Signor Fortuna, who was absent through indisposition, gave the French version of Engel's song, "The time is coming," and joined the others in sundry concerted pieces. Mdle. Lebouys played a solo on the violin with remarkable taste and finish, and Mr. John Thomas gave two of his interesting solos on the harp. Signori Fiori and Muratori conducted. The rooms were well filled.

A MEMORIAL OF MOZART.—The *Gartenhäuschen* (summerhouse, or cottage) which is still standing in the grounds of the Freihaus, on the Wieden, Vienna, and which was occupied by the great composer, is now undergoing repairs, by order of its owner, Prince Staremberg. It is situated at the extremity of the garden which belonged to the manager, Schikaneder, and is simply built of wood. It is papered inside, and contains a writing-table, a book-case, and several chairs, all formerly the property of Mozart. It was here that he composed the last and most perfect of his masterpieces, *Die Zauberflöte*, and passed the last happy days of his life.

ETCHINGS BY O. B.

II. One of the clever people who are too knowing to be taken in by mere excuses has been writing to the *Weekly Watchman* to expose Mr. Sreievness. Mr. Sreievness absented himself from the dinner of the Associated Novelists on the ridiculous plea that, being very unwell, he was unable to sing. A writer calling himself a "Curator of Scores," but who can scarcely pretend to have much regard for musicians and singers, has discovered that Mr. Sreievness could not have been ill on Saturday, inasmuch as he sang on Monday (so, at least, the "Curator of Scores" asserts) at Rockingham Castle. "It was not until I had opened my *Weekly Watchman* this morning," says the correspondent, with charming irony, "that I became aware of that singer's rapid recovery, he having been well enough to assist at Rockingham Castle last evening. Prestige and pay," he continues, "seem to be the best specifics for the ailments of public vocalists, whose restoration to health is thereby effected with a speed and certainty quite marvellous." The fact is, Mr. Sreievness was, on Monday, as on Saturday, far too ill to sing. He is peculiarly liable to inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat, and he now suffers from a similar affection of the eyes. He meant to sing at Rockingham Castle, as he meant to sing for the Associated Novelists; but in each case found himself, at the last moment, unable to do so. The "Curator of Scores," then, with all his ingenuity, his amiability, and his talent for elegant satire, is wrong in his facts. The music set down for Mr. Sreievness at Rockingham Castle was sung by Signor Igatdaolnoi.

III. To say anything new of the *Creation* itself would be as difficult as to give a new and original account of any one of the best known pictures in the National Gallery. These works are allowed to remain in peace. The spectators admire them, but no one any longer criticises them. The great masterpieces of music are less fortunate. Some twelve times each year the *Messiah* is performed, and on each occasion the unhappy musical critic is expected to make a few remarks on the genius of Handel as exemplified in his most sublime production, adding, if he thinks fit (which he often does), that the *Messiah* was originally brought out in Dublin.

IV. The French Emperor's remarks on the law of coalitions, and the "moderation" with which it is taken advantage of by those chiefly interested, will remind musicians of the strike at the French Opera, when the members of the orchestra, finding their demands for an increase of salary rejected, are said to have shown their "moderation" by playing everything in so subdued a tone that it could scarcely be heard. I may not believe this story, though I have met with it in the Paris letters of more than one of our daily journals. An oboe player, when he shrieks out a note an octave too high, is said to "canard;" and what the inexperienced oboe player occasionally does by accident some members of the Paris orchestra must, I fancy, have been doing wilfully, and for the sake of mystifying our Paris correspondents. The last time I saw this curious operatic canard on the wing was in the columns of the "Standard."

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

OTTO BEARD.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

To the DIRECTOR OF THE MUSICAL UNION.

J oyful acclamations spring
O'er us; his majestic bow
S weep tunes that ring
E therial harmonies; themes flow,
P leasure and love rebounds—
H earts glory in the beautiful sound.

J oy o'erflows his noble heart.
O miniscence inspires his soul;
A ngelic themes with rapture dart,
C aptivating the assembled whole.
H is magnificent, artistic flow,
I nterprets melodies that flow
M agestically through the human soul.

Yours respectfully,

T. B. BIRCH.

Stockport, July 9.

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC

The annual concert of the professional students of this institution took place on Saturday, July 4th, when a very numerous and fashionable audience were in attendance to pass judgment on the progress of these young aspirants for public favour. If the aggregate of the performances rendered on this occasion are to be taken as a manifestation of English musical ability, still in academic leading strings, the emphatic claim which the learned and zealous Greham Professor (Principal of the Academy) recently made in behalf of "native talent" may be fairly admitted; for either his directorship is singularly successful, or his students exhibit instinct enough for their art, and sweep away the reproach cast upon English musical talent, which on this occasion was most justly asserted and fully proved. Indeed several of the young performers, though still urging their claims to public favour under the shelter of the Academy, would not have discredited a place in any concert-room, outside of its walls.

Amongst those who distinguished themselves by their pianoforte playing must be noticed Miss Kate Roberts and Miss Fanny Baker, whose very meritorious performance of the most ambitious works evinces rare talent and carries them beyond the realms of promise, into the acknowledged sphere of accomplishment. Miss Dove Dolby, Miss May Earle, Miss Villin, and Miss C. Baker, also won golden opinions from the audience by their correct and at times even brilliant playing. In fact, the achievements of the students in this department, under the especial charge of Dr. Wylde and Mr. J. F. Barnett, are remarkable, and demonstrate most satisfactorily the zeal and ability with which these distinguished professors have laboured.

The singing also was of a very satisfactory character. Miss Fanny Holland was twice recalled by the unanimous plaudits of the audience, and Mesdames Jenny Pratt, Abbott and Dolby were greeted with frequent tokens of the high appreciation with which their efforts were received.

Mr. A. Villin (violin), Mr. Tom Goodwin (violinello), and Mr. Tietkens (tenor amateur) displayed also considerable ability, and varied the programme with the fairer portion of the performers.

Altogether, the concert was one of great interest, evincing that the Academy, whose foundation and conduct is entirely due to the energy of Dr. Wylde, is becoming a really valuable English institution; and that in numbers (amounting this year, we understand, to 250), no less than talent and the marked progress which each year manifests in the achievements of its students, the system pursued by its founder works well, and is a signal benefit to the development of musical genius in this country.

Amongst the visitors who took an interest in this concert we noticed the veteran Moscheles, from Leipzig, to whose clever instruction so many of the acknowledged pianists of the day owe their success.

A PUFF FROM WALES.

The celebrated Welsh vocalist—now King's Scholar in the Royal Academy of Music, London—will give a concert at the Shire-hall, Haverfordwest, on Wednesday evening, the 6th of September. She will be assisted by Miss Gedwyth, accomplished pianist, from Cardiff, and also by able artists. Miss Watts is now in North Wales, and her concerts there are attended with brilliant success. The most spacious edifices, in some instances places of worship, are being crammed to excess; and all classes of the community are alike astonished at her splendid voice and wonderful execution, and are overcome by her exquisite modesty, and the unmistakable signs of her pre-eminent piety. We, therefore, rejoice in the hope of hearing her at Haverfordwest, and sincerely trust all classes of our fellow-townsmen will avail themselves of a rich and rare treat. We are kindly furnished with a translation of a letter sent to the Welsh papers, by the Rev. E. Stephen, Tanymairan, North Wales, author of an oratorio, *The Storm of Tiberias*, in reference to Miss Watts's visit to North Wales. "Now, my fellow-countrymen, not only those of you that are musical, but all, old and young, rich and poor, Churchmen and Dissenters—all that have ears, except the long ears, and all that possess a heart, except Nabal's heart—mind to go and hear Miss Watts. If you are desirous to enjoy a real musical treat, if you would like to feel the world and its objects growing less in your sight, if you would have your hearts elevated, if you would experience a blessedness which has no tendency to lead you astray, and taste sweets and pleasure that grow not on the forbidden tree; in a word, if you would have your being filled with such an enjoyment until your feelings flow out in mingled sighs and tears, joys and shoutings—'It is good for us to be here;' forbid that either prejudice or money, circumstances, or trifling sicknesses, shall prevent you coming to the concerts of this gentle and truly pious songster, and possibly the most over-coming, as to the temper of her voice, and as to the depth of her feelings, that ever breathed in the musical atmosphere of Wales, and you shall not be disappointed. This is the sentiment of the judgment, heart and conscience of E. Stephen."

[Let all Yankeeism try and beat that, if it can—which it can't.
A. S. S.]

THE HALL BY THE SEA AT MARGATE.

The opening of the new Music Hall on Saturday last was a great event for Margate, and not only for Margate, but for all the localities seaboard and inland within distances of twenty miles, more or less, of that far-famed healer of the sick and curer of the wearied. So well advertised had been the inauguration of the new hall, so widely circulated had been the splendour and fitness of the building, and so goodly an array of talent, native and foreign, vocal and instrumental, had been provided to honour the occasion, that the Margate trains—that is, the trains to Margate—all day on Saturday kept pouring in their hosts from noontide until late in the evening, and the town wore the appearance of a regatta day, with a stronger infusion of gentility than is apparent in the crowds usually attracted by the lugger and smack races. We have already informed our readers that the Hall-by-the-Sea was built by those enterprising speculators, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, that Mr. E. Hingston was general manager, and that M. Jullien was conductor and director of the orchestra. As regards the hall, a few words are required to describe its structure and its decorations, and to show how far it is adapted for musical purposes.

The new Hall is a long square building, with a triangular roof, the length being disproportionate as to the breadth. This seeming defect, however, is remedied by the position of the orchestra, which stands nearly midway from both ends, the auditorium, as Mr. Dion Boucicault would say, being of course in front, and the grand refreshment-room in the rear. We are of opinion that the large space occupied by the refreshment-room behind the orchestra is a fault, as it materially prevents all the sound of the instruments from being projected into the audience hall. This fault might be easily rectified by a screen being thrown up immediately at the back of the orchestra. But Rome was not built, &c., and in all buildings devoted to the purposes of amusement there are some parts which must be submitted to experiment before their proper utility can be ascertained and determined. No doubt that Messrs. Spiers and Pond will after a while subscribe to the necessity of erecting a screen behind the orchestra. The decorations of the interior of the hall, as we have said, are exceedingly striking and beautiful. The side walls, which are not level, but divided into arched compartments, are lined with white cambric, ornamented with pink and gold, with vallances of white lace fancifully disposed. Every third compartment is occupied by a large mirror, which seems to be imbedded in a rich bank of moss, from which spring artificial flowers and shrubs, painted and manufactured to the life, and impregnated with all their native odours by the marvellous process of that prince of perfumers and Columbus of the world of scents, Mr. Eugene Rimmel. In fact, to those "who doat on odours," a visit to the Hall-by-the-Sea would of itself, without auricular or optical entertainment, prove a veritable feast. We need not say that all this has not been effected without extraordinary expense. The compartments not containing mirrors are alternately set off by medallions in golden frames, including busts in basso relievo of the great composers, and ingenious musical devices in gold and colours. The upper part of the hall is surmounted by rich festoons of floral wreaths; while in every available position on the floor, statues—in most instances the copies of acknowledged masterpieces—stand on pedestals, and throw, as it were, a classic feature over all. Our want of technical knowledge precludes us from entering upon a description of the glass illuminations in significant devices placed above the orchestra, and those on a grander and more splendid scale surmounting the entrance fronting the sea, and which appeared on Saturday night to fascinate in an extraordinary degree the thousands who were gazing hopeless onwards, as debarred from entering into the paradise beyond, which held out so dazzling a promise. But we have said enough to show that the Hall-by-the-Sea is a magnificent structure, tasteful as well as magnificent.

The concert was a genuine success; but, had the music been more distinctly heard throughout the remote parts of the hall, and had the band been invigorated by a few more strings, the success would have been more decided and the amateurs present would have been more pleased. Fortunately the amateurs were few, and the occasion called for multitudinous forbearance and allowance. Among the singers were Madame Parepa, Mdle. Liebhardt, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Eyles, Messrs. George Perren, Arthur Matthiesson, Farquharson, and Weiss. The instrumentalists were Miss

Kathleen Ryan and Miss Kate Gordon (pianists), and Herr Ludwig Straus (violinist). The audience were tenacious to an extraordinary degree of their applause, and in several instances when the performances were really admirable the effect were almost *nil*. Surely there can be no antipathy between music and hops, cherries and cricket, for which Kent has long been famous. Herr Straus played *Vieuxtemps*' "Air Varié," and Ernst's "Otello," but his magnificent fiddling was entirely lost on the hearers, who, no doubt, were deeply engaged in the inspection of the decorations and emblematic devices. So, too, Miss Kathleen Ryan performed Weber's rondo brillante "La Gaîté," and seemed to make no very profound impression on the large crowd gaping at her from seats, five shillings, half-a-crown, and one shilling, all excepting a few enthusiastic amateurs and the band, who applauded her heartily when she came on and finished her performance. Mdle. Liebhardt, indeed, managed to wrest an encore from the dull Kent-uckians in "The lover and his bird," and Madame Parepa, who had previously given the cavatina, "Ernani, involami," from *Ernani*, almost without recognition, received a similar compliment in "The nightingale's trill." We must say that Mdle. Liebhardt's singing of "The lover and his bird" was quite irresistible. Miss Rose Hersee, a general favourite in or out of Kent, sang "Where the bee sucks" and "Comin' thro' the rye" in her most unpretending and neat manner. Of the remainder it is unnecessary to speak in detail. We may say, however, that Mr. Weiss gave two of his own songs, a new and an old one, the old one, "The village blacksmith," receiving most favour; that Miss Eyles contributed "The lady of the sea" and "Maggie's secret;" that Mr. G. Perren supplied two airs, "Ah si ben mio" (*Il Trovatore*) and "My pretty Jane;" that Miss Kate Gordon, the favourite pupil of Mr. Benedict, played Coenen's fantasia for left hand only with surpassing neatness, if not surpassing effect; and that Mr. Farquharson sang two popular songs.

Of the concerts throughout the week, followed each evening by a *Bal d'Été*, and of the special concerts to be given this afternoon and evening, we shall speak in our next. P. P. P.

A LITTLE BOOK ABOUT LEARNING THE PIANOFORTE. By Emanuel Aguilar. London: Groombridge and Sons.

MR. AGUILAR, who is well-known as one of the most efficient instructors of the pianoforte, deserves the thanks of all interested in musical progress for the very useful work just issued from his pen. No family whose juvenile members are students of the pianoforte should be without it. The price is trifling, and the value of the information contained in the book inestimable. The first part, in which valuable information and advice are given by the author, consists of extracts from the works of all the greatest authorities on the art of pianoforte playing. By a careful attention to the rules given in Mr. Aguilar's work, the time bestowed on reading it will be more than repaid. Even those students who are not naturally gifted with musical talent may obtain a helping-hand in their course of study. One of the chapters is especially devoted to "When and How to Commence the Pianoforte." This is specially adapted to the capacities of the elder branches of every family who, though possessed of but a small amount of musical knowledge, may effectively teach the rudiments of the art to the younger members, and at the same time lay the foundation of a good musical education. The chapters given to "Daily Exercises" and "Special Directions for Practising" are essentially practical and useful; while among the most valuable of M. Aguilar's suggestions is the way in which he regulates the studies of the pupils by the time which they can devote to practising. We heartily recommend "A Little Book about Learning the Pianoforte" to all who are interested in the successful cultivation of this now necessary part of education. The publishers have brought out Mr. Aguilar's "Little Book" in elegant style.—(*The Press*.)

ETCETERA ETCETERA.—During the last twenty-four years, from 1842 to 1865 inclusive, no less than 889 new Italian operas and 4 ballets have been written. Of these, 43 belong to the year 1857 alone; 29 saw the light of the lamps in 1858; 33, in 1859; 37, in 1860; 19, in 1861; 22, in 1862; 21, in 1863; the same number in 1864; and 23, in 1865. In former years, when Donizetti was alive, and Ricci and Mercadante were more fertile than at present, nearly 50 new Italian operas were produced in a twelvemonth. From a biographical sketch of Donizetti we learn that from 1819 to 1830 he wrote no less than 24 operas, which were all failures, until at length his *Anna Bolena* attracted public attention. In the 14 years following he composed 50—fifty!—operas, for one of which, *Betty*, he wrote the text as well as the music. It was first produced in Naples. Every opera-goer must remember the *Tyrolienne* from *Betty*, with which Alboni made furor in 1847, at the Royal Italian Opera.

TO D. PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—The director of the opera in the Haymarket continues to display extraordinary activity. Within the last fortnight he has produced an Italian version of Mozart's German opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*—the first, if I am not mistaken, ever given in London; he has brought out Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, with a new singer in the part of Alice; reproduced Rossini's *Semiramide*, and revived the *Ernani* of Verdi, which had not been performed these five years. Other operas have been presented; but of these I have already spoken; and so unhappily has Mr. Shaver Silver. Passing the *Seraglio*, which I suppose this vivacious gentleman will be allowed to discuss in the ironic (not Byronic) vein so gracefully becoming him, permit me to shoot a phrase or two at the others.

Robert le Diable brought forward another French singer, Madlle. Lavigne, from the Paris Conservatoire, who, under the assumed title of "Celestina Lavini," created but an equivocal impression in the part of Alice. Signor Tasca, with a tenor voice of which a good deal might be made, is by no means an effective Robert; Herr Rokitsanski indisposed, Signor Foli played Bertram at a very short notice, and therefore is not amenable to criticism; Signor Stagno does as much as can be expected for Raimbaut, with half his music omitted; while Mdle. Ilma de Murska, as the Princess, hardly makes amends, by her somewhat over-strained though by no means unimpassioned "Robert toi que j'aime," for the irresolute tameness of her opening *cavatina* ("Idole de ma vie"). On the whole, this performance of *Robert le Diable* is not the best I have witnessed at Her Majesty's Theatre.

That magnificent piece of elaborate prolixity, *Semiramide*—in which the music of Rossini gives life and splendour to one of the dullest of Voltaire's dull plays, made duller by the intermeddling of Signor Rossi, the Italian librettist—at least affords Madlle. Titien a grand opportunity of vocal and dramatic display, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini a chance of showing that, in the execution of Rossini's florid music, she stands unrivalled since the retirement of Marietta Albani, with whom—*longo intervallo*—she may in some respects be compared. The performance of *Semiramide* is in most essential particulars precisely what it was a short time since. In one instance, however, there is a marked improvement—M. Gassier's *Assur* being infinitely superior to the *Assur* of another French singer, M. Agnese, whose performance last year was anything but striking.

Why *Ernani*—one of the feeblest as well as one of the earliest compositions of Signor Verdi, whose vivid mannerisms are here exhibited *ad nauseam*—should have been revived it is difficult to explain, unless by the hypothesis that Madlle. Titien, in emulation of Shakspeare's immortal Bottom, is desirous of asserting her ability to shine in every lyric drama. Her Elvira is doubtless the best Elvira since Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli left the stage; but neither that, nor Mr. Santley's admirable singing as Carlo V., nor the forcible impersonation of Don Silva by M. Gassier, nor Signor Tasca's more than creditable assumption of the hero-bandit, nor the excellence of the orchestra and super-excellence of the chorus, can possibly succeed in galvanizing a corpse; and to all intents and purposes *Ernani* is a corpse, which long since should have been buried out of sight and out of mind. M. Victor Hugo's play is good after its manner; but Signor Verdi's music, for the most part a series of climaxes, with nothing to control them—*equi sine franis*—is very little better than empty rant. We have here and there a melody (like "Ernani, involami," and the appeal of Carlo V. to Elvira), here and there a strong dramatic point (as in the *finale* to Act III.), here and there some striking orchestral effect; but the rest is null. *Tannhäuser*, even *Lohengrin*, would have been preferable—or at any rate more exciting.

Sydenham, July 18th.

[Mr. Pitt is scarcely to be commended for his side-thrust at Mr. Shaver Silver. Nevertheless, Mr. Pitt is, for once in a way, accommodated with the editorial type invariably accorded to the epistolary perpetrations of that functionary.—A. S. S.]

MISS KATE RANOE, who has been playing so successfully during the past season at the Strand Theatre, took her benefit on Wednesday last, at the New Royalty Theatre, when she played the part of Josephine in *The Child of the Regiment*, and Mr. F. C. Burnand (the author of *Ixion*, &c.) played the part of Ulysses in his popular burlesque of *Patient Penelope*. Full particulars in our next.

TO HENRY FARNIE, ESQ.

SIR,—“Anthology” signifies literally a collection of flowers; metaphorically it is a collection of poems; popularly it goes for a collection of no matter what. See the *Saturday Review* (May 5)—article, “The Newspaper Janus.” See also (May 19) article, “*Iphigenia in Limbo*.” Compare, and you will come to the conclusion that if they do not proceed from the same pen they must have been the work of two diverse pairs of nibs. How about Janus?—Your obedient servant,

July 17.

DISCUBITORY.

[“Discubitory” may comfortably lean upon the cushion of facts smoothed out for him. Better go to Limbo than to its immediate vicinity. *Athenæus* tells us that Venus was worshipped at Samos, as Meretrix. Anthology is not Museum, though Museum is Anthology, and Minerva was called “Musica.” The poet Martial would have called an obscure rhymist, *Musæus*. Nevertheless, these columns are open.—ABRAHAM SILENT].

TO D. PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—The glory is departing from our tenors. We hear nothing of Tamberlik—poor Giuglini has gone—Wachtel has not come back—Mario cannot recall tones, though he sings better than when they were brightest.

On the other hand, recent years have been highly favourable to the growth and development of “prima donnas.” Since the production of *Faust e Margherita* the frequenters of Covent Garden have heard no less than five Margarets—Miolan-Carvalho, Pauline Lucca, Adelina Patti, Artôt, and Berini—while Mario has still been constant to the part of Faust. Nor, indeed, does any other Faust seem possible. In sopranos, however, there is a greater variety. These two years alone Mr. Gye has some half-dozen new ones to show us; one or two of them really promising, and none without a certain sort of merit. But the prize specimens are admirable; and, counting those at the Royal Italian Opera and those at Her Majesty's Theatre together, there are no less than five, each capable of drawing a full house by her own attractiveness alone. At the Royal Italian Opera, when Mdle. Patti has not been singing, the great “attraction” this season has been Mdle. Pauline Lucca; and special visits have been made of late for the sake of Mdle. Maria Vilda. So at Her Majesty's Theatre, striking success is obtained by the two “prima donnas,” the attractiveness of Mdle. Titien being only counterbalanced by that of Mdle. de Murska.

The British public is easily appeased, and Mdle. Pauline Lucca, on returning to London last year, was received as only the most indulgent parent would receive the most repentant prodigal child. Why did Mdle. Lucca leave us? The mystery has never been cleared up. Was it the “blacks” of smoky London that frightened her away, as one Berlin journalist maintained at the time? Or did the late hours frighten her, as was also asserted? The performances at the Royal Italian Opera finish about two hours later than the performances at the Berlin theatre, and this, we were told, was too much for Mdle. Lucca's delicate health. If such had really been the case, I should have been among the first to call upon Mr. Gye to adopt earlier hours. Or was she dissatisfied with her reception in England? If so, Mdle. Lucca must be very hard to please, I am afraid. But, whatever fault Mdle. Lucca may have to find with England, she at least cannot complain of not being appreciated. When she reappeared as Margherita, the applause which greeted her was, it is true, rendered discordant by a few geese; but their uncouth demonstrations were soon put a stop to, their only effect being to call forth counter-demonstrations from the great body of the audience (not geese). Mdle. Lucca had improved in the only respect in which improvement seemed possible. She gave a somewhat less vivacious rendering of the part of Margherita. She must have thought us very dull not to be charmed with her animation and brightness; but these qualities *did* charm us. Only, while we admired them in Mdle. Lucca herself, to whom they were natural, we did not recognise them as belonging to the character which she undertook to represent.

Sparrowgate, Toplands, July 17.

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

[Mr. House is rather over-meek than under-meek. He is to be preferred when simply meek. Also the first London Margaret was the Tietjens.—A. S. S.]

TO D. PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—Be good enough, you who know everything, to tell me in what paper the subjoined appeared:—

"It seems that the members of the orchestra of the Grand French Opera were recently about to strike for higher wages, but finding they were bound by contract for a year, and could be punished for striking, they determined to strike in a measure, so they played, not half-time, but half-sound, and at last got so low in tone that the audience ceased to be one because it could not hear, and the singers could not keep time because they had to listen. In vain the leader shook his bow. The fiddlers would not scrape harder; the brass instruments were merely breathed into; and the flute-players resembled that one of their fraternity celebrated by Dickens, who would 'be blown if he played any more.' Our contemporary does not tell us how this 'strike' was settled, and as it happened when we were all '*aux eaux*,' nobody can throw any light on the subject."

I am anxious to know, because the King has a bet with Bismark. The King says it appeared in a Bordeaux *feuille*, Bismark that it appeared in a Dutch sheet. I am of opinion that both are out.

—Yours humbly,

A. LONGEARS.

Schloss Fuchs, July 16th.

[Mr. Longears is right. It originally appeared in the *Rouen Roué*; and about a year later in the *Morning Herald*.—A. SILENT.]

—o—
TO DR. GIBLETT.

SIR,—There was discord in the Cathedral of Carlisle; and it was the more curious, as it sprang out of a question of music; nay, what is still more singular, out of a question as to the propriety of executing a portion of the *Messiah* in a Christian place of worship! On Friday, the 12th of March, 1858, the organist, according to custom, laid before Mr. Livingston, the Precentor, a programme of the music for the following week. It included the piece I have mentioned, which was put down for performance on Sunday, the 21st. Mr. Livingston forwarded the paper to the Dean, with a minute containing the following astounding protest: "*I object to this, on the ground that the words of the chorus cannot be sung with propriety as part of the service in a Christian church.*" The Dean replied, as a clergyman of ordinary piety well might, that "*he did not concur in the objection.*" The Precentor then called on his superior to reconsider his judgment, and in doing so supported his crochets as follows:—

"The recitative, '*All they that see Him,*' and chorus, '*He trusted in God that He would deliver Him,*' which Mr. Ford wishes, are from the *Messiah*. As is suited to an oratorio, they are emphatically of a dramatic character; and this is shown in the chorus (more, perhaps, than in any other one in the *Messiah*), which is exquisitely worked up, so as to bring out the mocking words in their fullest sense, and gives the effect of a chorus of fiends rather than of men. Although this is very beautiful in an oratorio, which is essentially a sacred drama, yet I submit, the use of this chorus in a service of worship, especially at this season, is *simply shocking*. Although the 22nd Psalm is used in the daily service, yet the whole context give a different character to the 8th verse to what it has when thus used alone and dramatically. Last year, when this anthem was performed, I felt the effect to be so utterly opposed to a religious service, that I resolved never again to sanction its use. A simply musical objection, after your having relieved me of all musical responsibility, I would not press; but this is a case which I feel compelled to urge strongly."

Dean Close did very well to relieve the writer of such stuff as this of his musical responsibilities. The words which Mr. Livingston pronounced "*shocking*" are literally the words of the 22nd Psalm, where they bear precisely the same import as in the oratorio, which, being the work of so great a genius as Handel, brings them out, of course, with all the effect that harmony is capable of adding to sublime language. "*The effect,*" said our Precentor, "*is that of a chorus of fiends rather than that of men.*" So it ought to be, to render the passage into worthy music. If it is dramatic, why, so is the original. How many of the noblest parts of the Bible are essentially dramatic? The very beauty of such an oratorio consists in its following the genius of the divine compositions on which it is founded. But such minds as Mr. Livingston's are not made to comprehend either David's songs or Handel's compositions. The very "*exquisiteness*" of the latter is an offence to his ears. Such a taste as his would expurgate the Bible of its beauties with

as little remorse as he would chase the noblest achievements of harmony from his cathedral. *Asinus ad lyram* was a classic proverb. The Precentor of Carlisle was an example of the same melodious creature, with his profane paw on the lyre of the Psalmist himself. His objection to the drama would banish the opening of the grand book of Job to the back-settlements of the Apocrypha. There we have not a chorus of fiends, but Satan brought on the stage in person, holding discourse, too, with the Almighty himself. How very "*shocking!*" cried Precentor Livingston! Why, he must have been ignorant of the very liturgies of the Church he belonged to. Like the divine book from which they are substantially taken, their construction is strikingly dramatic, priest and people sustaining alternate parts, a form of service than which no other could possibly be devised better adapted to awaken and sustain attention and audience.

This strange case went before the Diocesan. The Precentor made an effort to have another anthem substituted for his aversion. The Dean struck it out of the programme and restored the one originally selected. Then there was an appeal to the Chapter, the answer to which was a letter from the Chapter-clerk, announcing Mr. Livingston's suspension, from which sentence he appealed to the Bishop of the diocese. Here the matter rested for the time, but I trust the cause of sacred music was in no danger.—I am, Sir, yours,

TALLIS GIBBONS TUBBE.

Carlisle.

—o—
To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The actors and dramatic authors of many of the Parisian theatres have formed themselves into dining clubs, with grotesque names, which meet once a month for a merry, but not costly, banquet. The Palais Royal Club is called the "*Gnoul-Gnoul*," and dines at Lemonnier's on the first Monday in every month; "*La Timballe*," that of the Opéra-Comique, holds its meetings at Brelant-Vachette on the third Thursday; "*La Gousse*," of the Vandeville, dines at Lemonnier's on the first Thursday; and "*Les Petits Agneaux*," of the Variétés, at the Boule Noire (near the Barrière des Martyrs); "*Les Pekins*," of the Chatelet, assemble at the Elysée Ménémontant; while the "*Diner des Pierrots*," of the Folies-Marigny comes off at Ravel's. Your Paris correspondent, Mr. Shoot, dines with them all regularly.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

S. T. TABLE.

D. Peters, Esq.

—o—
MAY WE BE HUNG IF WE'RE ACCEPTED!

SIR,—The Royal Academy of Painting opened to the public its 97th exhibition on the first of May. Will you kindly afford me the opportunity of saying a few words in behalf of a large number of artists whose works were accepted, but not hung? Last year there were upwards of 600 pronounced worthy of hanging on the walls of the Exhibition, but not placed, and this year, according to report, the number is still larger. Each work sent, as it passes before the Council, who decide upon its merits, is marked "*accepted*," "*doubtful*," or "*rejected*." According to the rules of the Academy, the "*accepted*" should be hung, and the remaining space filled with a selection from the "*doubtful*." The truth is, that there is not room on the walls to hang in fair positions one-third of the pictures annually accepted, and consequently certain artists who do get places must owe it in a measure to the fact of their pictures coming first to hand, or fitting in conveniently. The Hanging Committee cannot be expected to perform an impossibility. They cannot hang in good positions 1500 or 1600 pictures, where there is space for little more than half the number; and so long as the Royal Academy is ill accommodated, injustice must be done to many outsiders. It is time something should be done either by members themselves or Government, to consult the interest of those, like your obedient servant,

To Hepworth Dixon, Esq.

—o—
POST-RAFFAELLITE.

[To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—An article on concerts at this time of year has necessarily something of a necrological character.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

To D. Peters, Esq.

S. E. PMGITMP.

[Mr. S. E. Pmgitmp is thanked for his information, which he might have kept for his own immediate use, without detriment to the immediate cause of morality, and without prejudice to either belligerent.

A. S. S.

THE SCOTTISH KIRK DIVERGENCIES.

SIR.—Will you allow me to point out a very extraordinary mistake into which "John Cumming" has fallen? He says, "*We in Scotland have a liturgy of praise, but none of prayer; you in England have a liturgy of prayer, but none of praise.*" Is Dr. Cumming aware that several of the Psalms of David, with the "Gloria Patri" attached to each, are sung or said whenever morning or evening prayer is used in the Church of England, in a version which renders the original with a fidelity and spirit which no metrical parody can ever rival? Is Dr. Cumming aware that, besides some considerable portions of the Psalter, certain hymns of praise taken from the New Testament, and called canticles, enter into every service, to say nothing of the "Te Deum," "Benedicite," "Sanctus," "Gloria in excelsis"? Surely these alone, were the catalogue exhaustive, which it does not pretend to be, must be allowed to form a very sufficient liturgy of praise. Dr. Cumming's blunder is so egregious that it is impossible to avoid some speculation as to how he came to fall into it. Two possible solutions of his mistake present themselves. Either Dr. Cumming thinks no words, whatever their sense, can claim a place in a liturgy of praise unless arranged in doggerel metre; or, on the rare occasions when he has been present at the services of the Church of England, he must have been too absorbed in his observation of the manner of the minister and the mode of the service to have had any attention left for the plain meaning of the various forms of words which have been used.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
To Shirley Brooks, Esq. A CITY RECTOR.

GARAT AND MADAME RÉCAMIER.

SIR.—Allow me to relate an anecdote of Garat, a French singer, and Madame Récamier, female Mæcenas of the French Court. Madame Récamier was the most beautiful and cleverest woman during the Directorate and the reign of Napoleon I.; even after the Restoration, and as lately as long after the accession to the throne of Louis Philippe she was highly esteemed in the very best circles; at her house were to be met the heads of every school of poetry—Chateaubriand and Masset, the leading diplomatists, the pious Archbishop of Paris, and Mlle. Rachel. Mad. Récamier was equally amiable towards all, but musicians could boast of enjoying more of her attention than any other persons, for she was passionately fond of music. During the Empire she was at the zenith of her beauty, and the leaders of all classes of fashionable society used to frequent her house. After the drawing-room of the Empress Josephine, Mad. Récamier's was the most popular. The best music was heard there, and there were Haydn's airs from *The Creation* and his Sonatas performed better than anywhere else. The representative of song at this distinguished woman's was Garat, as celebrated a tenor in his day as Messrs. A, B and C are now, though he possessed something to which these gentlemen cannot lay claim: a thorough classical education, and that artistic pride which leads its owner to assert his dignity with those in a superior position, while he ever scrupulously treats his brother artists as such, and displays towards them the most perfect good breeding. When far advanced in age, he became, it is true, childishly vain, but there was something he preserved to the last: a warm feeling for art and struggling artists.

Garat was, one evening, invited to Mad. Récamier's, to redeem his promise of singing an air from Haydn's oratorio. A numerous company of artists and noblemen had assembled to enjoy the rare treat. Among them was the Duke of X., one of the numerous members of old noble families who had, at last, found it more convenient to recognise the government of the "Corsican Usurper," with a view of again enjoying honours and property, than to starve for their hereditary prince. These fine gentlemen had, it is true, conformed to the new state of affairs in politics, but, in their social principles, they were the same as ever; they herded as much as possible together, for the purpose of keeping the *villains* at a distance. One thing especially obnoxious to them was to come into contact with *comédiens*, *chanteurs*, and *joueurs de clavecin*. No one was a better type of the old pride of caste than the Duke aforesaid. The company waited a long time for Garat. At last he came, but with despair painted in his face—he was so hoarse that he could not possibly produce a single note. He had come himself so that the charming hostess, the friend and patroness of artists, might be convinced that it was no mere caprice which interfered with his fulfilling his promise. Mad. Récamier consoled him as well as she could, and then announced to the company that they must wait till another day for the expected treat. The Duke, who had come on purpose to hear Haydn's

music, was not much edified at this adjournment, and his dissatisfaction was increased on seeing Garat, who, although he did not sing, was mixing with the rest of those present, by all of whom he was well received. With his chin in his cravat, the great man went up to Mad. Récamier, and said quite loudly: "It is perfectly incomprehensible! If this Garat does not sing, what does he do here?"—"He amuses himself at the expense of fools, your Grace," said Garat, who was standing behind the speaker. The Duke looked, in speechless astonishment, for a minute or two at the artist, and then, turning his back on him, said to Mad. Récamier: "Do you hear what liberties this singer takes in your house?"—"He is at home, my lord," replied the lady. The Duke disappeared, and the artists and authors gathered round their patroness, to mark by their homage their sense of her conduct.

The foregoing is an anecdote of Garat, a French singer, and Madame Récamier, female Mæcenas of the French Court, and I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
D. Peters, Esq. CAPER O'CORBY (Bart.)

[The anecdote of Sir Caper O'Corby, though a thought venerable, is told with a certain springiness of sentiment that provokes insertion. It is therefore inserted.—A. SILENT.]

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

To JOHN ELLA, Esq.

W reaths of glory crown his name,
O riginal ideas keep green his fame;
L ove and grace sweetly combine,
F rolisome fun and joy entwine;
G rand bursts of pathos touch the heart,
A ngelic strains pure love impart,
N oble thoughts enchant the soul,
G lorious harmonies swell in majestic rolls.

A child blest with gifts divine—
M arvellous genius, dexterous skill—
A ngelic charms with his nature joined;
D ivine music he penn'd at will.
E xtraordinary were his talents in youth,
U niversal love from his heart did trill,
S eraphic themes to charm souls uncouth.

M irror of musical sweetness,
O mnipotent in melodious song,
Z ealous lover of artistic neatness—
A prince amongst nature's throng.
R eligion, pathos, sublimity, and art,
T he celestial charms of the sweet-soul'd Mozart.

T. B. BIRCH.

PESTH.—The popular Hungarian composer, Gustav Fay, has just died, in the very prime of manhood.

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| 21. | "La Carita." | " |
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